THE PLEASANT HISTORY of the Miller of Mansfield

in *Sherwood*, and *Henry* the second King of England.

Shewing how the King was lodged in the Millers house, and the mirth and sports he had there.

Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright J. Vere and William Gilbertson, 1655

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THE MILLER AND the KING.

How the King was benighted in *Sherwood*, and loſt his Nobles, and his meeting with the Miller.

HEnry our Royall King
would ride a hunting
To the green Foreſt
ſo pleaſant and faire,
To have the Hart chaſed,
and dainty Does tripping,
Unto merry Sherwood
his Nobles repair,
Hawk and Hound was unbound,
all things prepar'd
For the game to the game
with good regard.
All a long Summers day
rode the King pleaſantly,
With all his Princes
and Nobles each one,

Chasing the Hart and Hind,
and the Buck gallantly,
Till the dark evening
enforc'd him turn home,
Then at last riding fast
he had lost quite
All his Lords in the wood,
late in dark night.
Wandring thus wearily
all alone up and down,
With a rude Miller
he met at the last,
Asking the ready way
unto fair Nottingham,
Sir quoth the Miller.
your way you have lost:
Yet I think what I think,
truth for to say.
You do not likely
go out of your way.
Why what dost thou think of me,
quoth the King merrily,
Passing thy judgement
upon me so briefly?
God saith quoth the Miller,
I mean not to flatter thee,
I guesse thee to be
but some Gentleman Thief,

Stand thée back in the dark,
light thee not down,
Leſt that I preſently
knock thy knaves crown.
Thou doſt abuſe me much,
(quoth the King) ſaying thus,
I am a Gentleman,
and lodging I lack.
Thou haſt not quoth the Miller)
one great in thy purſe,
All thine inheritance
hangs on thy back.
I have gold to diſcharge
all that I call,
If it be forty pence
I will pay all.
If thou béeſt a true man
(then ſaid the Miller)
I ſwear by my Toll-diſh
Ile lodge thée all night.
Here's my hand (quoth our King)
that was I ever.
Nay ſoft (quoth the Miller)
thou mayſt be a ſprighr
Better Ile know thée
ere I hands I will ſhake,
With none but honeſt men
hands I will take.

How the Miller brought the King home to *Ginny* his Wife, and his Sonne *Richard*.

THus they went all along
unto the Millers house,
Where they were seething
of Puddings and Souse,
The Miller first entred in,
then after him the King,
Never came he in
so smoaky a house,
Now (quoth he) let me see
here what you are.
Quoth our King look your fill,
and do not spare.

I like wel thy countenance,
thou haſt an honeſt face,
With my ſon Richard
this night thou ſhalt lye,
Quoth his wife by my troth,
it is a handſome youth,
Yet it is beſt (Husband
for to deal warily:
Art thou not a run-a-way,
I prethee youth tell:
Shew me thy Paſport,
and all ſhall be well.
Then our King preſently
making low congeſſe
With his hat in his hand,
thus he did ſay,
I have no Paſport,
nor never was Servitor,
But a poore Courtier
rode out of my way:
And for your kindneſſe
here offered to me,
I will requite it
in every degree.
Then to the Miller
his wife whiſper'd ſecretly,
Saying it ſeemeth,
this youth's of good kin:

Both by his apparell
and eke by his manners,
To turn him out certainly,
it were a great sin:
Yes (quoth he) you may see
he hath some grace,
When he doth speak
to his betters in place.
Well (quoth the Millers wife)
young man welcome here,
And though I say it,
well lodg'd shalt thou be,
Fresh straw I will have
laid on your bed so brave,
Good brown hempten sheets
likewise (quoth she)
I (quoth the good man)
and when that is done,
You shall lye with no worse
then our own son
Nay first (quoth Richard)
good fellow tell me true,
Hast thou no Crepers
within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled
with the Scabbado?
I pray (quoth the King)
what things are those?

Art

Art thou not lousie
or scabbed quoth hee)
If thou bee,
surely thou ly'st not with me.

How the King, the Miller, *Ginny* his wife, and their son *Richard*, sup'd together, and how the King lay with the Millers Sonne.

THis caused the King suddenly
to laugh most heartily,
Till the tears trickled
down from his eyes.
Then to their Supper
were they set orderly,
With a hot Bag-pudding
and good Apple-pies,
Nappy Ale good and stale
in a brown Bowle,
Which did about the Board
merrily trowle.
Here (quoth the Miller)
good fellow I drink thee,
And to all the Courtnols
where ever they be
Ile pledge you (quoth our King)
and thank you heartily,

For

For your good welcome
in every degree,
And here in like manner
I drink to your son,
Do so, quoth Richard,
but quick let it come.
Wife quoth the Miller,
fetch me forth Lightfoot,
That we of his sweetnesse
a little may taste.
A faire Venison Pasty
then brought the forth presently,
Eate quoth the Miller,
but sir make no waste.
Here's dainty Lightfoot
in faith then (said our King)
I never before
eate of so dainty a thing,
I wis (said Richard)
no dainty at all it is,
For we doe eat of it
every day.
In what place (said our King)
may be bought like to this?
We never pay penny
for it by my fay.
From merry Sherwood
we fetch it home here.

Now

Now and then we make bold
with our Kings Deare,
Then I think, said our King,
that it is Venison:
Each sole said Richard,
full well may see that:
Never are we without
two or three in the rak,
Very well fleshed,
and wondrous fat:
But prethee say nothing
where ever thou go.
We would not for two pence
the King should it know.
Doubt not then, said our King,
my promis's secresie,
The King shall never know
more on't for me.
A cup of Lambs-wooll
they drank unto him then,
And to their beds
they past presently.
The Nobles next morning
went all up and down
For to seek out the King
in every Town.

How the Nobles and his followers sought the King, and found him at the Millers house.

AT last at the Millers house soon they espy'd him plain
As he was mounting
upon his fair Steed:

To

To whom they came presently
falling down on their knées,
Which made the Millers heart
wofully bléed,
Shaking and quaking
before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been
hang'd by the Rood.
The King perceiving him
fearfull and trembling,
Drew forth his sword,
but nothing he said:
The Miller down did fall,
crying before them all,
Doubting the King would have
cut off his head.
But brisk and curteise
there to requite,
Gave him a living
and dub'd him a Knight.
When as our Noble King
came home from Nottingham,
And with his Nobles
in Westminst-r lay,
Recounting the sports
and pastime they had tane,
In this his Progresse
along by the way.

Of them all great and small,
this he did protest,
The Miller of Mansfields sport
liked him best.
And now my Lords (qd. the King)
I am determined
Against Saint Georges next
sumptuous Feast,
That this old Miller.
our last confirmed Knight,
With his Son Richard
shall both be my guests:
For in this merriment
'tis my desire
To talk with the jolly Knight,
and the young Squire.

How the King sent a Pursevant for the Miller, *Ginny* his wife, and *Richard* their sonne.

When as the noble Lords
saw the Kings pleasantnesse,
They were right joyfull
and glad in their hearts:
A Pursevant there was sent,
straight on the businesse.

The

The which had many times
been in those parts,
when he came to the place
where he did dwell,
his message orderly
then he did tell,
God save your Worship,
then said the Messenger,
And grant your Lady
her hearts desire,
And to your son Richard
good fortune and happinesse,
That sweet young Gentleman
and gallant young Squire:
Our King he greets you all,
and thus doth say,
You must come to the Court
on Saint Georges day.
Therefore in any case
fail not to be in place.
I wis quoth the Miller,
this is an odde Jest:
What should we do there he said,
faith I am half afraid.
I doubt (quoth Richard)
hang'd at the least.
Nay (quoth the Messenger
you do mistake,

Our

Our King prepares
a great Feast for your sake.
Then said the Miller,
now by my troth Messenger,
Thou hast contented
my worship full well,
Hold here's three farthings
to quite thy gentleness
For these happy tidings
which thou dost me tell:
Let me see hear'st thou me,
tell to your King,
Ile wait on his Mastership
in every thing.
The Purlevant smiled
at their simplicity,
And making many legs
took their reward:
And taking then his leave
with great humility,
To the Kings Court
again he repair'd
Shewing unto his grace
in each degree.
The Knights most liberall
gift and bounties.
When as he was gon away,
thus did the Miller say,

Here

Here comes expences
and charges indeed,
Now we must needs be brave
though we sell all we have,
For of new Garments
we have great need,
Of Horses and Serving-men
we must have store,
With Bridles and Saddles,
and twenty things more:
Tush Sir John (quoth his Wife)
neither doe fret nor frown,
You shall be at no more
charges for me,
For I will turn and trim
up my old Russet Gown,
With every thing
as fine as may be:
And on our Pil-horses
full swift we will ride,
With Pillowes and Pannels
as we shall provide:
In this most stately sort,
rode they unto the Court,
Their lusty Son Richard
formost of all:
Who set up by good hap
a Cocks feather in his Cap,

And so they setted down
towards the Kings Hall,
The merry old Miller,
with his hand on his tive,
His Wife like Maid Marrian,
dio mince at that tive.

How the King and his Nobles met the Miller, Ginny and Richard and the sport they had at the Court, and their return home,

THe King and his Nobles
that heard of their comming
Pæting this gallant Knight
with his brave traine:
Welcome Sir Knight (quoth he)
with this your gay Lady,
God sir John Cockle
once welcome againe,
And so is this Squire
of courage so frie,
Quoth Dick abots on you
dos you know me?
Quoth our King gently,
how should I forget this?
Thou wast mine own bed-fellow,
well that I wot:

But

But I think on a trick,
tell me that prethee Dick,
How we with farting
did make the lad hot:
Then honest happie knave
then quoth the Knight,
Speake cleanly to our King
or else goe shite;
The King and his Councellors
heartily laught at this,
While the King take them
both by the hand
With Ladies and their Maids,
like to the Queen of Spades,
The Millers wife
did so orderly Kand;
A milke-maids courtesie
at every word,
And down the folks were sate
at the fine board;
Where the King royally
in Princely Majesty,
Sate at his dinner
with joy and delight:
When he had eaten well,
to jesting then they fell,
Taking a bowle of Wine,
drank to the Knight.

Here's to you both he said
in Wine, Ale and Beere,
Thanking you all
for your Country chéere,
Quoth sir John Cockle
Ile pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best Ale
in Nottingham-shire:
But then said our King,
I doe think on a thing,
Some of your Light-foot
I would wee had here,
Ho ho quoth Richard,
full well may I say it,
'Tis knavery to eat it,
and then to bewray it,
Why art thou angry
quoth our King merrily,
In faith I take it
very unkind,
I thought thou wouldst pledg me
in Ale and Wine heartily,
Y'are like to stay quoth Dick
till I have din'd;
You feed us with twatling
dishes so small,
Zounds a black Pudding
is better then all:

I marry quoth our King
that were a dainty thing,
If a man could get one
hot for to eat:
With that Dick streight arose
and pluckt one out of his hose,
Which with heat of his breech
began to sweat,
The King made proffer
to snatch it away,
'Tis meat for your Master,
good sir you must stay:
Thus with great merryment
was the time wholly spent,
And then the Ladies
prepared to dance;
Did sir John Cockle,
and Richard incontinent,
Unto this practice
the King did advance,
Here with the Ladies
such sport they did make,
The Nobles with laughing
did make their hearts ake;
Many thanks for their pains
did the King give them then,
Asking young Richard
if he would be wed;

Amongst

Amongſt theſe Ladies free
tell me which liketh thee.
Quoth he Jugge Grumball
with the red head:
She's my Love, ſhe's my life,
ſhe will I wed,
She hath ſworn I ſhall have
her Maiden-head,
Then ſir John Cockle
the King cal's unto him,
And of merry Sherwood
made him over-ſeer,
And gave him out of hand
three hundred pound yearly.
But now take heed you ſteale
no more of my Deers;
And once a quarter
let's here have your view,
And thus ſir John Cockle
I bid you adieu.

FINIS.